Trolls of Norway

by Arthur (Grandpa) Stavig

© 1971 by Ellison Industries, Inc.
Edmonds, Washington 98020

First Printing May, 1971

Cover: NISSEN — Sometimes called JULE-NISSEN

125

Trolls of Norway

by

Arthur (Grandpa) Stavig

This book is dedicated to the memory of my old grandfather, Knute Stavig, who immigrated to America from Romsdal, Norway in the year of 1875; to my grandchildren, and all other grandchildren who like to hear stories.

Arthur C. (Grandpa) Stavig

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A SPECIAL DIRECT
COLOR PROCESS BY ELLIS H. ROBINSON

© 1971 by Ellison Industries, Inc.
Edmonds, Washington 98020

First Printing May, 1971

Any part of this Publication may be reproduced
in any form with permission of the Publisher.

0-912488-03-4

FOREWORD

The story of the TROLLS OF NORWAY can be told at more than one level. To children, 'Trolls' are creatures of the darkness and gloom; hideous caricatures of the shadows and the night; teaching the youngsters to beware of dangerous places and to mind their own behaviors. To discerning adults, trolls are the embodiment and personification of hidden evils and bad traits in one's own character that it would be well for us to recognize.

Thus, instead of regarding and blaming the trolls for every conceivable ill that beset our path as an exercise of silly superstition, we ought to match it against its likely alternative.

That alternative is, blaming each other; the surest way of granting head priority to the basest of all human emotion: Hatred for our fellow man!

Arthur C. (Grandpa) Stang
May 17, 1971
(Sytende Mai)

Some trolls were big and some were small —

GRANDPA'S TROLL STORIES

When Grandpa came here from Norway almost a hundred years ago, he didn't bring any trolls with him, but he did bring a lot of stories from Norway, which he shared with us children. He knew that we enjoyed hearing tales of the 'Old Country', whether they were stories of the mountains; of animals; of sports of Winter, or tales of the sea.

As I remember it however, we, his grandchildren liked best of all—his stories of the TROLLS of Norway! He knew an endless lot of them, and he usually found time to tell them to us. We always listened quietly while he spoke, and when he was finished, we asked him dozens of questions—which he answered freely. I think Grandpa was convinced that children were alike over the whole world, because there is nothing they like better than to hear stories!

If Grandpa was still alive, I'm sure he would be happy to know that I have never forgotten the stories he told us, and that I intend to tell them to other children, just like he told them to us—many years ago.

THE TROLLS OF NORWAY

Norway had many trolls. Some were big and some were small—some were fat and some were lean. There were short trolls and there were tall ones. Nearly all of them were very ugly, and most of them were mean. They seemed to think that their most important task on this earth, was to cause trouble for people!

Usually, the trolls lived in caves, and did not come out into the sunlight during the day. There was a reason for this. They dreaded the sunlight because it could turn them into stone! Many of Norway's biggest mountains were said to be trolls that had been caught by the sun's rays before they had time to get back into their caves before daylight!

Trolls were dirty, smelly creatures that never cared how they looked.

The trolls were troublemakers, mostly. They also were frighteningly ugly! These were two very good reasons why people didn't like them, and were constantly accusing them of causing everything bad that ever happened in that country. This meant that the trolls were sometimes blamed for things they did not do! But that often happens to those that are not well-behaved —no matter if they are PEOPLE or TROLLS!

One of the worst things that trolls were accused of, was stealing little babies right out of their cribs! And as if this wasn't bad enough, they often as not, left their own, ugly and dirty troll-brats in the cradles they had robbed. Naturally, people didn't like this very well; how would you or I like to start raising a smelly little baby troll—as a member of the family? What would we say if we saw a dirty, grimy little troll-hand sneaking into the cookie jar? We wouldn't be very happy, I'm sure.

I remember asking Grandpa, once: "Grandpa, why didn't the people just throw the baby troll off a bridge and drown him, or something like that?" I will never forget his answer, for he said: "Perhaps the main reason was, they were afraid that the trolls would find out about it, and start abusing their child in return!"

The trolls did not like people. They regarded them as intruders who came into places where they did not belong; for trolls believed that they owned the lakes, the fields, the forests, the bridges and the barns. As a rule, trolls trid to catch a person in a moment of carelessness to cause him some trouble. If they suceeded, they tried to make it look like an accident. They liked to follow careless people around, because THEY gave the trolls more opportunities to create mischief.

The trolls were slow-thinking and stupid creatures. When one troll asked another one a question, he sometimes had to wait a hundred years for an answer! All in all, trolls were a mean, miserable and nasty group of scamps, and it is probably just as well that

we turn our attention to each one in turn. That way, we can learn what they looked like, and what their habits were, so that we will know how to deal with them—if we are unlucky enough to meet with some of them.

The Good Book tells us, that if we can say something good about anyone, or anything—rather than something bad—we should do so. This is very good advice, because hateful thoughts are very bad for all concerned! This includes the person who has them in mind—SO—, we will talk about the nicest trolls first!

NISSEN

The NISSEN is the troll that lives on the farm. He is regarded to be the friendly troll—the one that does not try to cause bad trouble for anyone—man or beast. Quite the contrary, it is said that he has the power to bring good luck to people that are kind to him. Sensible people try to stay on the good side of the Nissen!

This troll is very often called the JULE-NISSEN, (Christmas elf), and at Christmas time, a thoughtful farmer's wife will not forget to cook a special pudding called rommegrøt. She will leave a bowl full of this pudding in the barn for the Nissen—the little fellow is very thankful for this special favor. It was said that the Nissen loved all of the farm animals, including the family dog; and could show this love by bringing them good health.

FOSSEGRIMEN

(Waterfall troll)

Fossegrimen was the troll that lived under waterfalls. With that curtain of water in front of him, most people looking at the waterfalls did not even see him. The roar, the sprinkling patter, the mist and the spray of waterfalls have always held a mystic charm for most people, and it was in such a setting that Fossegrimen had chosen to live!

He was nicer looking than other trolls; there could be no question about that. Usually, Fossegrimen carried a violin with him, and it was said that he had the power to endow people with musical talent—IF THEY WOULD MAKE IT WORTH HIS WHILE!

To make it worth his while, a person had to select a very good ham, or joint of meat. This had to be tossed into the stream just before it flowed over the brink and fell into the chasm below.

Fossegrimen would get this meat, and if he liked it, the person who threw it would be endowed with the ability to become a great musician!

TOMTE-GUBBEN

In explaining how Tomte-Gubben came to be the pest he finally turned out to be, Grandpa told us that when the Nissen had lived to an old age—so old that he had become forgetful and absentminded; when he had gone into his second-trollhood*, so to speak, he began to have a change of character! He then became a first-rate nuisance! THIS, is how he got that way: When the young people of Norway gathered in a meadow, a field or a farmyard to hold their folk-dances, they came dressed in their finest Nordic costumes—prepared to have a good time. Usually, they had musical instruments, such as a guitar, a violin or an accordion, but if they had none—they could always sing, and dance to the beat of their own singing. These dances were very interesting to watch, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Everyone—? Well—, almost everyone! Quite often however, there was a lonesome and forlorn character that did not join in the dance. This outcast did not join in the merrymaking because he was **NOT WANTED!** He was not welcome! In fact, if the dancers even suspected that he was near—a feeling of dread came over them that robbed them of much of the carefree enjoyment they usually had! That unwelcome character was the troll — TOMTE-GUBBEN!

For years and years, Tomte-Gubben had watched the young people dance. He deeply envied them, and desperately wanted to join in their frolics too, but alas for poor Tomte-Gubben—things never happened as he hoped they would! What girl (in her right mind), would dance with a troll? The answer to that was: NONE OF THEM! There were many reasons why they wouldn't—we shall name a few:

Tomte-Gubben was dirty and smelly—he never took a bath; he never washed his face! His hair and beard grew long and wild and bushy—and was never touched by a comb or brush! His eyes were wild and starey, and his ears were like those of a wild animal! The clothes he wore were dirty, ragged garments that he had gathered up from trash barrels that had been

* We can't very well say 'Second-Childhood', because a troll never was a child in the first place!

thrown away! Nor was this all! His idea of dancing, was throwing his partner around like a rag-doll, until he had almost torn her clothes off!

Tomte-Gubben didn't seem to realize how he looked. He was firmly convinced however, that he was the answer to a young maiden's prayer! He believed that his tattered clothes were the finest to be had! He didn't mind the smell from his OWN body — why should anyone else? He was confident that he was the finest dancer in all of Norway—all he needed was a chance to show it!

Very much disappointed at being an outcast, Tomte-Gubben began to waylay girls as they walked past his place of concealment. THIS, was the reason many young girls found themselves in wild dance with a troll! He was a very hard fellow to escape from, which many a poor girl found out after she had fallen into his clutches. But almost as bad, was the ordeal she had to endure after she DID manage to escape—people would never let her forget it!! Wherever she went, the finger of scorn would be pointed at her, and unthinking people would say: "There goes the girl that danced with Tomte-Gubben!"

Grandpa warned all the girls in our group to beware of Tomte-Gubben!

RISSE-GUBBEN

(Forest troll)

Risse-Gubben actually means: THE OLD MAN OF THE FOREST. This troll grew to be very large, and was frightfully ugly. He caused people all manner of trouble in the forest, for he was extremely disagreeable. He, like other trolls, never washed or took a bath, and because he didn't—he smelled very badly.

Grandpa told us that if we ever went walking in the woods, and we smelled an odor that was dank and unpleasant—it could be the odor of Risse-Gubben! If so—, we had better be careful, for he was near at hand!

RISSE-GUBBEN

Risse-Gubben had many ways of bringing misfortune to people in the woods, and it was best for them not to forget it! HE, was the one that would cause a person to slip on a wet log, causing them to fall, and perhaps sprain their ankle! HE, was the one that would snap a branch and have a boy fall out of a tree he was climbing! He would slip up behind someone when they were chopping firewood, then touch their hatchet just enough to cause them to chop off their thumb!

He likes folks to be careless with fire, for that helps him get bad fires started. Grandpa warned us to be careful in the woods, for that is the home of RISSE-GUBBEN!

NØKKEN

(Lake, and Well trolls)

The Nøkken was a troll that lived in the water. Usually, his home was in a lake or pond, but some of them lived in wells too. Like other trolls, he believed that he owned the lake, and the people who came to fish or swim, had no right to be there. For this reason he tried to make trouble for them.

The Nøkken looks a little bit like a fish, and is so busy thinking up ways of making mischief, that he is very seldom seen—except under water. Grandpa said that he bothered the fishermen by stealing the bait off their fish hooks, and by scaring the fish away. He always did his best to get boats and canoes to strike rocks and break holes in their bottoms so they would sink!

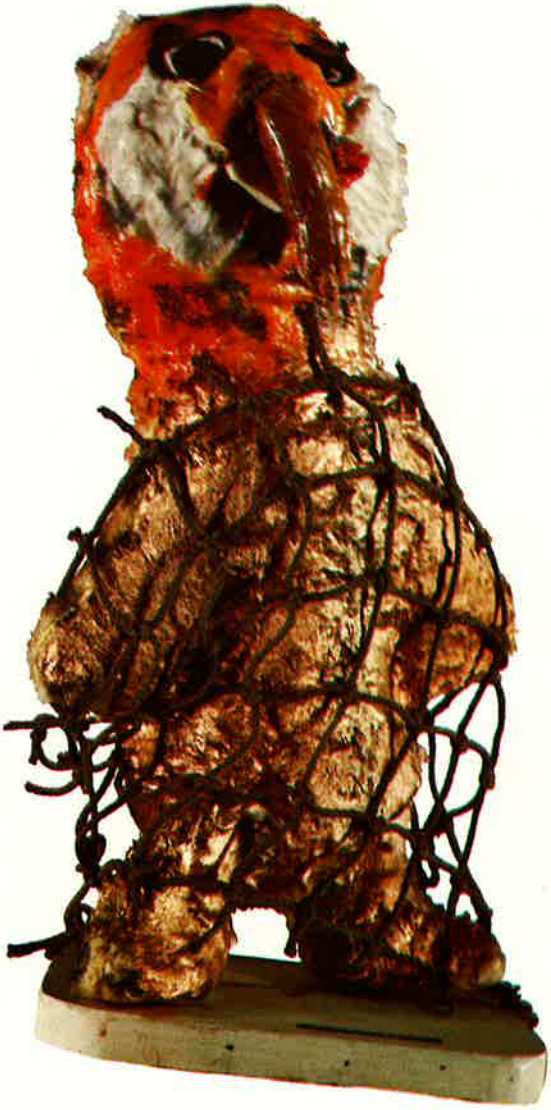
The Nøkken would grab the foot of a swimmer, and pull him under water to drown him! He would try to get little children to wade out into the deep water—so he could catch them! In the winter time he lured the unwary out onto the thin ice; then he broke the ice and soon had them at his mercy! He was always careful not to show himself.

NØKKEN

BRUN-NØKKEN

There was another kind of Brun-Nokken that lived in the bottom of wells. They are very mean and very dangerous! This Nøkken lures little children over near enough to the well, so they can look down and see their reflection in the water. To do this, they must come close to the edge of the well! This is just what the Nøkken has been waiting for! He has very long arms, and without warning, he reaches up and drags the child down into the well! When he has finished destroying the little one—he is very happy.

Grandpa told us that the Nøkken was one of the sneakiest trolls of all—he struck when least expected!



DRAUGEN

DRAUGEN

(The Sea Troll)

The Draugen was the troll that lived in the sea. Grandpa did a lot of fishing in Norway. That meant that he had to go to sea—where the Draugen lived! All of the Norwegian sailors knew that the Draugen was very dangerous. They also knew that many temptations came their way, for the sea-troll was always trying to get them to take chances. The wise sea-man refuses to listen to him. The Draugen is disappointed, but he doesn't give up—so he begins to look for stupid people!

It is said that the Draugen is a cousin to the mermen, and that he sails about the sea in half-boats! This sounds silly and foolish, because half-boats are very apt to sink! But the Draugen's boat did not sink! Perhaps he did this to make people believe that the sea was not dangerous? He was always trying to get the sailors to race with him. But if the sailors were foolish enough to do so . . . . that was the last that was ever seen of them!

Grandpa told us there was no troll that was more dangerous than the Draugen — the Sea-troll.

BRO-TROLLET

(Bridge Troll)

The Bro-Trollet was the bridge troll. He too, believed that he owned things that did not belong to him. This troll moved under bridges as soon as they were built, and made his home there. It didn't make any difference who had built the bridge, the Bro-Trollet believed that it was his property.

He was one of the meanest and surliest of the many trolls in Norway. There were many folks that would tell you, that the safest way to cross a bridge in Norway, was to take a billy-goat with you! Grandpa told me that someday he would give me a billy-goat as a present, but he would **NOT** tell me **WHEN**! When I tried to get him to tell me—, he said he would cross that bridge when he came to it!

BRO-TROLLET

HULDRA

(Lady Troll)

The Huldra was a lady troll. She was not pretty; in fact she was very ugly. She also had a tail - like a cow's tail, which she tried to keep out of sight. She kept this tail pinned up under her dress, but it seemed to drop down whether she wanted it to or not. When this happened, it always embarrassed her. She did have a magic cap however, that could make her look like a beautiful young woman when she put it on.

While wearing this magic cap, she could easily deceive a young man into thinking that she was indeed, a lovely maiden! It would have been much better for all concerned, if she would have tried to attract other trolls to her, but NO . . . ! She tried to get friendly with boys and young men instead! Whenever she met a man, she did her best to try to get him to fall in love with her!

It was said that if she could entice a young man into marrying her, and if she could manage to get married in a church — her tail would drop off and be gone forever! If this happened, she would never again be as ugly as she used to be, but at heart—she would always be a troll!

The young man who makes the mistake of marrying a Huldra, is doomed to a life of misery! Perhaps that is why Grandpa warned: "Young men, be careful! If you meet a pretty girl who throws herself at you — SHE MAY NOT BE THE VILLAGE BELLE! SHE MAY BE A TROLL!"

HULDRA

She puts on her magic cap.

There are a number of spiteful skeptics who have stated that in their opinion, there is a bit of 'Troll' in everyone's makeup. They insist that if we'd cast a careful, self-critical and searching look at ourselves, we could hardly help seeing it! Do you think you have a bit of 'Troll' in you? If you'd like to find out, we've arranged a little test for you, so that you may learn.

NO. 1

Below, are two frames of identical size. In one of them you see a picture of a troll's head, while the other is blank. Let someone time you, while you spend at least 30 seconds staring hard and intently at the eye of the troll in frame No. 1. At the signal of time, immediately shift your gaze to frame No. 2. Now, do you see a ghostly figure of a troll's head there too?

NO. 2

HAUGE-BOKKEN

(Hill Troll)

If one were to try to describe the Hauge-Bokken in terms that are more familiar to us, we would probably call him a hill-goblin, and tell you that he looked much like a goblin.

The Hauge-Bokken lived under high hills—in big underground caverns. It was said that they went in and out of these caves by passing through some very small holes; which is quite a mystery—for their heads are very big.

They come out of their caves at night and rove around in the dark places—doing what they like to do best—, SCARING PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR WITS!! They like to annoy people who have errands to do at night. They follow along behind them, holding their distance—stopping when the person stops, and darting after them again, as soon as they resume their walk!

Another one of their pranks, was to peek into the windows of someone's home at night—scaring the housewife and children! They were especially attracted to a house from which they heard music. Many people used to protect their homes by marking a cross over the door with chalk. It was said that the Hauge-Bokken avoided such homes.

When the first male ancestor of a household died, it was the custom to bury him in a specially hallowed place on the farm. It was believed that this ancestor had the power to come from his grave in the years that followed, to see how **HIS** farm was being tended since he had gone. Because of their faith in this belief, the expression: 'HAUGE-BONDE' (the farmer under the mound), came to have a meaning that was mixed with a certain amount of fear!

The Hauge-Bokken was most apt to make his appearance about Christmas time. It was said that they were often seen in the dark gloom of the barn; where their slanting eyes glowed in the darkness—like the eyes of a cat!

HAUGE-BOKKEN

TROLL-KJERRING

(Troll Woman)

The Troll-Kjerring is a horrible creature! Translated, the name is 'Troll-Woman'. Grandpa told us that in the Olden Days, the simple country people dreaded the possiblity of meeting her some dark night. This would be especially horrifying if they happened to meet her on a lonely stretch of road, or near a graveyard! The Troll-Kjerring could take her head right off her neck, and carry it around in her hands, or under her arm!

There are many scarey stories about coarse people who were out to do some mischief themselves, and met a Troll-Kjerring on the way! Needless to say, they quickly forgot their own evil thoughts, when they met face to face with that headless monster!

Grandpa told us that he once heard of a man in Norway who was very angry at one of his neighbors. He let this hate grow upon him, until at last—he decided to sneak over to this man's house and kill him! He wouldn't listen to any pleading by his wife, and walking out, he slammed the door with evil in his heart!

He had walked about two miles, when suddenly—a hideous Troll-Kjerring barred his path! The head she carried under her arm had only one eye that glared at him from the center of her forehead! Then that ugly head spoke to him through its thick and horrid lips: "I am going with you tonight!"

That man forgot his hatred for his neighbor in a hurry! He turned to run, but had run only a few steps when he found to his dismay, that she was right in front of him again! No matter which way he went, she was there to face him! Finally, to escape her he walked backward all the way to his home—with the Troll-Kjerring following every step! He reached behind him to open up his door, then fell on the floor in a dead faint! After

going to bed that night, he had a horrible nightmare—dreaming about the Troll-Kjerring!

Grandpa cautioned us that hate can bring us close to the Troll-Kjerring!!!

TROLL-KJERRING

FJELL-TROLLET

FJELL-TROLLET

(Mountain Troll)

The biggest and one of the meanest of the trolls, was the Fjell-Trollet (the mountain troll). They lived in large caves in the darkest and gloomiest part of the mountains. The people of Norway feared the Fjell-Trollet for they knew he was very dangerous! They knew that if he became angry and stamped his foot, it would cause an avalanche that could bury a person alive! If he stamped his foot twice—he would cause an earthquake!

He often had more than one head—sometimes three, or as many as seven. He was very proud of this—he could be much uglier by having several heads, than if he had only one! He was apt to have only one eye, and THAT was in the center of his forehead. He could remove this eye from its socket, and polish it on his dirty sleeve. He believed that he could see better after doing this.

Grandpa told us that when the people of Norway had to go near a dark, narrow place in the mountains, they tried to make themselves safe from the Fjell-Trollet by yelling three times: Whoooooooeeeee! WhOOOOOoooeee! WHOOOoooooooeeee! Each person had to shout this for themselves. If they had dogs or horses with them, they had to give three shouts for each of them too. Grandpa said trolls were creatures of darkness that cannot stand the light of day. Many of Fjell-Trollet were turned to stone by the rays of early morning sunshine; their huge, ugly faces can still be seen on the sides of Norway's mountains!

DOVRE-GUBBEN

Grandpa used to live near the Dovre Mountains in Norway before he came to America. DOVRE-GUBBEN, the king of the trolls lived in these mountains. All of the other trolls seemed to hold Dovre-Gubben in great respect.

This King of Trolls became very angry when people chopped, or sawed down a tree. In sympathy to that tree, Dovre-Gubben mounted to the top of that stump—where he stood motionless for a long, long time—perhaps a hundred years! After standing on that stump with his arms outstretched for many ages, he begins to look like a tree stump himself. Deceived by this, some folks may come close to him—not realizing he is a troll! It dawns on them that they have been badly fooled, when Dovre-Gubben grabs them by the hair!

DOVRE-GUBBEN

TOBI-TRE-FOT

(Toby-Wooden-Leg)

Most of the people in Norway agreed that Tobi-Tre-Fot (Wooden Legged Toby), was just about the meanest troll in the entire land. While other trolls thought they owned everything they looked at; and regarded people as intruders that messed into places they had no business to be—only Tobi-Tre-Fot was forever ready to defend those rights—as he thought them to be!

Other trolls as a rule, waited for a person to have a moment of carelessness, to move in and cause trouble—and even then, they tried to make it look like an accident. Tobi however, didn't care what you thought, nor was he the least bit concerned that you might learn that **HE** was the rascal that harmed you! He would readily attack youngsters, or men and women, if they irritated him in the slightest way! He was absolutely vicious!

Tobi was an ugly looking creature too. He had long black hair and beard, with a big dirty-looking nose between a pair of glittering, beady, hate-filled eyes that shone like the eyes of a rat. His clothes were soiled and ill-fitting, including a pointed hat like the witches wear. Last, but not least—he had a twisted and knotted wooden leg!

Tobi kicked people with that wooden leg, and there was nothing he liked better, than to kick the daylights out of someone who had irritated him! Grandpa told us that Tobi cut off his own leg, and put on a wooden one in its place—just to make sure it hurt more when he kicked somebody!

A person getting kicked, very naturally turns around to see who kicked him. But no matter how fast Tobi's victims turned to look, they would see nothing! Worse than that! Tobi was always behind him—ready to give him another kick! This wooden-legged troll was so fast when he wanted to be, that no one could see him! All they ever saw, was his victim getting kicked around like a football!

TOBI-TRE-FOT

The only redeeming thing about Tobi was—HE NEVER KICKED GOOD CHILDREN, NOR GENEROUS AND REASONABLE PEOPLE!

Tobi-Tre-Fot lived in farmers' barns. Knowing this, a wise farmer would build his barn with at least one more stall than he would ever use. The reason was—to allow Tobi a stall to live in if he came to visit. This did not mean that Tobi would live for a long time in a certain barn—for he didn't. It did mean however, that when Tobi travelled from farm to farm, and chose to stay in a certain barn—he would have an empty stall waiting for him!

If the farmer who owned the barn was careless or stubborn, and no stall was vacant—Tobi became furious! He usually gave **ONE WARNING**! He pulled the harnesses, the saddles and the bridles off the pegs where they were hanging, and threw them on the barn floor. He trampled this equipment into the dirt and manure! Next, he spattered the barn windows with filth; then he untied the horses and cows to let them run loose, and get into mischief!

The next morning Mr. Farmer would see all these hooligan tricks! If he was smart, he would take the hint and leave an empty stall for Tobi! If he was stubborn however, he would say to himself: "This is **MY** barn . . .! I didn't build it for some wooden-legged troll to use it for a hotel, and as far as I'm concerned—**TOBI CAN GO AND SCRATCH THE SPOT THAT ITCHES!!**"

The day of reckoning would start early the next morning when he came down to milk the cow and feed the animals! Tobi-Tre-Fot would be standing behind the door, and when the farmer walked in—WHAMMMM! A kick that rattled his teeth—was warning number two! If he spun around and tried to kick Tobi in return, he would only kick empty air!

Very soon, Mr. Farmer would cover the seat of his pants with the milk pail, while he ran back to the house and told his wife about the awful things that were

happening to the backside of his lap! Some people always have to learn the hard way!

Grandpa told us that he never believed in Tobi-Tre-Fot himself, but we couldn't help noticing that there was always an empty stall in his barn—after he had moved to South Dakota! None of us asked him why.

VESLE-TOMTEN

(Little Gnome)

Vesle-Tomten was a small troll that was forever making mischief that involved the farm animals. Whenever he had an opportunity he would climb up on a horse's back to whisper nasty suggestions in his ear!

Often the horse would do as he was told by this little troublemaker! He would refuse to pull the load for the farmer. This was bad for both the farmer and the horse; the farmer had a balky horse that wouldn't do his work—and the horse found no oats in his feedbox that night!

TUSSELADER

The TUSSELADER were the smallest of the trolls. Some were so small they could hardly be seen, but these little rascals caused mischief too. They often built their homes in the most awkward places. In the dark of night, they sometimes brought their little hammers and chisels to dig a cave in someone's tooth! That person would soon realize he had a hollow tooth! Now that wasn't all! Tusselader would move into that tooth-cave and start raising a familv!

The Tusselader preferred to live on the bodies of people who were dirty and smelly like themselves; they were known to build homes in these people's hair! They also annoyed persons in many other ways: They caused food to spoil, bread to turn moldy, milk to sour and butter to turn rancid.

Grandpa advised us to always do our best to spoil Tusselader's plans.

LANGE-NESEN

(Long-Nose)

LANGE-NESEN was the snoopiest troll in all of Norway. His name would indicate this, for it means: 'Long-Nose'. He did have a very long nose, and he also had big ears. His long nose was forever prying into the affairs of others, and his big ears seemed to hear many things they were not supposed to hear! He spent much of his time sitting around listening, and when there was nothing to hear—he worried about it!

When some folks were in conversation, Lange-Nesen was apt to be lingering nearby—hoping to hear what was said. This was especially true if they were speaking in low tones, or more so—if they were whispering! What use Lange-Nesen ever made of what he may have heard, was never known. Perhaps if he had been able to talk, certain people would have dreaded to think of what he could have said, because most people say things occasionally, that they wouldn't like to have others know about.

Grandpa cautioned us—that a prying, snooping person that acts like Lange-Nesen, is never well liked. When such a person comes near, the first one that notices him, remarks to others: "Be careful what you say now—, here comes LANGE-NESEN!"

LANGE-NESEN

THE TROLL-KING

Some of them had more than one head —

Traits of Character Exhibited by the Various Trolls

Nissen . . . . . Kindness, Charity
Tomte-Gubben . . . . . Vanity, False pride
Fossegrimen . . . . . Ambition, Aspirations
Fjell-Trollet . . . . . .Adventurism, Recklessness
Nokken . . . . . Treachery
Bro-Trollet . . . . . Covetousness
Hauge-Bokken . . Awesome fear of dead, Necromancy
Troll-Kjerringa . . . . Nightmare and Dream-horrors
Huldra . . . . . Gaudiness, Sham
Draugen . . . . . Fear
Risse-Gubben . . . . . Carelessness
Vesle-Tomten . . . . . Spite
Tussel . . . . . Malice, Gossip
Tobi-Tre-Fot . . . . . Sadism, Cruelty
Tusselader . . . . . Frustrations, Disappointments
Dovre-Gubben . . . . . Procrastination
Lange-Nesen . . . . . Morbid curiosity, Snoopiness

Cast of Trolls

Nissen	(Friendly troll)	NĒ′SEN
Fossegrimen	(Waterfall troll)	FOSS′Ĕ GRĒ′MEN
Tomte-Gubben	(Dancing troll)	TŌŌM′TĔ GŌŌ′BEN
Risse-Gubben	(Forest troll)	RĒĒ′SE - GŌŌ′BEN
Brun-Nokken	(Well troll)	BRŌŌN NUH′KEN
Nokken	(Lake troll)	NUH′KEN
Draugen	(Sea troll)	DRAW′GEN
Bro-Trollet	(Bridge troll)	BRŌŌ TROLLĔT
Huldra	(Lady troll)	HŌŌL′DRA
Hauge-Bokken	(Hill troll)	HOW′GEH BŌŌKEN
Troll-Kjerring	(Troll women)	TROLL CHERRING
Fjell-Trollet	(Mountain troll)	FYĔLL TROLL ĔT
Dovre-Gubben	(King of trolls)	DAWV′REH GŌŌBEN
Tobi-Tre-Fot	(Wooden-legged troll)	TŌŌ′BĒ TREH FOOT
Vesle-Tomten	(Little gnome)	VES′LEH TŌŌM TEN
Tusselader	(Troll pests)	TŌŌ′SEL AHDER
Lange-Nesen	(Long nose)	LUNG′EH NEH SEN
Tussel	(Troll of family ills)	TŌŌ′SEL

Letter R is trilled

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE WITH SCISSORS

ORDER BY MAIL

Trolls of Norway

An ideal gift for children of all ages. Each order will be mailed immediately, postpaid to the specified address. Please include cash, check or money order with each order.

To: **ARTHUR STAVIG** 3821 N.E. 120th, Seattle, Wash. 98125

Please send _____ TROLLS OF NORWAY book(s) to the address below.
Enclosed is $_____ to cover the cost at $2.00 per copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

To: **ARTHUR STAVIG** 3821 N.E. 120th, Seattle, Wash. 98125

Please send _____ TROLLS OF NORWAY book(s) to the address below.
Enclosed is $_____ to cover the cost at $2.00 per copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

To: **ARTHUR STAVIG** 3821 N.E. 120th, Seattle, Wash. 98125

Please send _____ TROLLS OF NORWAY book(s) to the address below.
Enclosed is $_____ to cover the cost at $2.00 per copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

(PLEASE PRINT)

0-912488-03-4